

A Delicious Sunday Lunch

Peaches, Bananas, Oranges, Cream of Wheat, Corn Flakes, Grape Nuts, Libby's Corn Relish, Richelieu Salmon, A. G. Sardines, Vanilla Wafers, Cheese Sandwich, Golden Gate Ice Tea

E. J. FOUNTAIN Quality Grocer
Phones 111-179

Bryan Daily Eagle

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BRYAN, TEXAS, JULY 26, 1909.

IS DEATH THE END?

"If a man die shall he live again?" was Dr. Caughley's theme at the Presbyterian church Sunday night. It is a question centuries old, of such transcendent importance that it has been exhaustively discussed by the greatest and wisest of all the ages, and yet it had never been answered to the satisfaction of many earnest seekers after truth. He who could offer anything new on such a subject would be an acknowledged prodigy, yet, like the old story of love, it is as fresh and vital today as it was to the Idumean patriarch or the great unknown author of the book of Ecclesiastes.

By way of introduction, Dr. Caughley presented indisputable evidences showing that death is necessary, vindicating God from the charge of cruelty for permitting it. The first argument in favor of an affirmative answer to the great question was the universal instinctive desire for immortality. "The most primitive of men," said the speaker, "cannot help distinguishing dimly between his thinking soul and his unthinking body and he soon begins to suspect that when death approaches to destroy the one it may be possible for the other to escape." As man slowly evolved this desire became more and more vividly impressed. This argument was illustrated with apt instances from history and similitudes from nature.

Second, the injustice of life. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? There are some things that God ought not to do. The first of God's duties is to be just. Looking around us today apparent unfairness seems to be the rule rather than the exception. Look at the facts: Nearly half the race perish in infancy; courage falls in battle while cowardice fattens on the spoils of war; a consummate villain lives to old age while a man consecrated to the service of humanity is cut down in his prime, perhaps on the eve of some great achievement. Think of those to whom the gift of life is almost if not entirely, worthless. Many of our fellow creatures are sentenced at their very birth to penal servitude. Look at the long procession of weary faces, bowed forms, stunted figures. They are the people who do nothing but stitch, hammer, dig and toil, and who are rewarded for their work by a wage that just keeps them alive, just enables them to continue this weary round. They know that great things are in the world, that great deeds are doing, in which they can have neither part nor lot. They feel that there is something in them that has never had a chance. And so they die without having really lived.

Some of the best men are victims of disease and drag out their years in agony; some of the worst, with seared consciences and nerves of iron, revel in all the enjoyments that health and money can bestow. The virtuous suffer for the vicious; the idle thrive on the industrious; saints are crucified and the scum of the earth wag their heads in derision.

"If, then, this world be all there is for us its author is not just. Regarded as a system complete in itself, it is riddled through and through with wrong. Yet we cannot bring ourselves to think that it was made by chance or created by a devil. There is too much beauty, too much rationality, too much progress. We cannot help believing that it has emanated from a being who is wise and good. Hence we find our present standpoint—the injustice of life—the strongest argument for immortality. The inequalities of earth bear unmistakable testimony to the existence of a compensating world beyond. The future is needed to redeem the present from contempt. Immortality alone can vindicate the character of God.

Third, the incompleteness of life: "Man is the most incomplete thing on earth. Everything else—star, ocean, insect, etc.—has a certain proportion. It fits into its own place and gives no hint that it might have been other than it is. But with man it is not so. Which of us has reached the plenitude of his mental or moral capabilities? The savage lion is a type of lionhood but where will you find the man who is a type of manhood? Take the saint, the hero, the philanthropist, the philosopher—each represents only a phase of the perfect, ideal man. If we were meant to be happy we never attain our end some never know what happiness is and the most favored only partly. If we were meant to be good we never reach it the best of us feel how much better we might have been. If we were meant for service the end is never fully realized our labor is feeble, applied in the wrong direction and unfruitful. Our endowments are altogether out of proportion to a life of threescore years and ten. Reason, will, conscience, love—each implies an eternity. Kant, the great German philosopher, based his demonstration of immortality on conscience alone. The argument is: Conscience bids us aim at perfection, but perfection is not to be reached on earth. If, therefore, this life be the only life for us we are overweighted in our moral nature. Conscience needs an enduring arena for its operation. Character continues growing to the end. Many of our best qualities—humanity, patience, contentment—are the fruits of weary years of discipline. Shall the beginning of our success be the signal for our extinction? Does God fashion a beautiful life only to destroy it?

"The facts of life confirm the hope that in a world of larger scope, What here is faithfully begun Will be completed—not undone."

Dr. Caughley compared the ancient Greeks' conception of Hades with the Hebrews' idea of sheol and traced the similarity, showing how each regarded death as a deplorable doom, and how by degrees each developed a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments.

In conclusion Dr. Caughley said: "I could go on to elaborate the argument for immortality from various standpoints: Evolution; the greatness of man; primitive races; the nature of

the soul; the longing for rest, etc., but I will mention only one: The testimony of Jesus. His argument is this: We live in God; we have fellowship with God; God is the source of our life. Hence Jesus never discussed the question of immortality except in association with the more profound question of God and our relation to him. If we are made in his image, if he cares for us, if our life has its source and being in him, the belief in immortality is a conclusion from which we cannot escape. Men ask for arguments; what they need is a deeper sense of infinite love. Jesus was sure of the immortal life because he was sure of God. His last words bound up his faith in immortality with his assurance of God: 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.'"

THIS DATE IN HISTORY.

July 26.

1779—Congress voted thanks to Gen. Wayne for his gallantry in storming Stony Point.

1799—Isaac Babbitt, inventor of the "Babbitt metal," born in Taunton, Mass. Died in Somerville, Mass., May 26, 1862.

1825—Gen. Lafayette visited the Brandywine battlefield.

1848—John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, born in Ohio.

1861—Gen. Fremont entered on command of Western Missouri.

1864—William H. T. Walker, the first U. S. army officer to oppose the cause of the Confederacy, killed near Decatur, Ga. Born in Georgia October 18, 1816.

1874—Hundreds of homes destroyed and many lives lost in destructive rain storm in Pittsburg.

1902—Charles Kendall Adams, president of the University of Wisconsin in 1902-01, died in Redland, Cal. Born in Derby, Vt., Jan. 24, 1835.

Beggars of Bombay.

The nuisance caused by beggars in Bombay has assumed unbearable proportions. The orientals practice charity as a religious obligation and relieve poverty where they find it. Recitals from Kibit and Marabai never fail to touch the innermost chords of the natives with their innate reverence for spiritualism, and the fakes backs up his appeal for alms with profuse quotations from the poets. Then there are lay beggars and religious beggars, the ash besmeared ascetics who practice mendicancy as a hereditary profession. Last and not least are the unfortunate sufferers from the loss of limbs or eyes or some fell disease disables for work and drives them to beggary as the last resource. These latter have a genuine claim on our charity, but as there are so few asylums in India for the halt, the blind and the blind the streets and byways of towns are flooded with beggars, pitiful types of suffering humanity.—Rash Gaftar.

The Lace Curtain.

Just why there must be lace curtains even where there is no piano or rubber plant or gilt chair has never been explained to the entire satisfaction of man. He only knows that there must and lets it go at that. It often seems to him that if he could have his way, which is out of the question, of course, there wouldn't be lace curtains, at least above the cellar floor. They are in the way when windows are to be lowered or raised; they are apt to blow into the gas and burn down the house, and alarm is constantly sounded for fear the man will sell or tear them. They do not serve to keep out the light when there is too much of it, and the dog can't toast himself in the sun without getting tangled in them.

Still, there are lace curtains everywhere, and that is all there is to it.—Providence Tribune.

Suspension Bridges.

There is no doubt that the first idea of a suspension bridge was suggested to primitive man by the interlacing of tree branches and parasitical plants across rivers. Probably monkeys used them before men did. In very mountainous countries, such as Tibet and Peru, they have apparently been used since the dawn of history, possibly earlier.

Who Taught Her Caution?

Isabel, aged four, was talking to an imaginary friend over the telephone, when her mother heard her say: "Wait a minute, Rocky. My brother is right here listening to all you say, and my mother is in the room too. Don't tell me about it now."—Dellneton.

Man's Superiority.

"Woman," exclaimed the suffragette, "is the equal of man in every respect." "Oh, I don't know," replied a man in the audience; "it takes a man to put an angleworm on a fishhook."—Detroit Free Press.

Their Present Names.

"What are the names of that young couple next door?" "We won't be able to find out for several weeks. They've just been married, and he calls her Birdie, and she calls him Cattie."—

She Knew the Day Well.

A poor little faded woman had been brought into court as witness in a case involving very important issues. The entire case depended on the fact that a paper had been signed on a certain day, and this the forlorn little woman was prepared to prove.

"You saw the paper signed?" asked the opposing counsel in cross examination.

"Yes, sir."

"And you take your oath that it was the 13th of August?"

"I know it was, sir."

The lawyer, who thought another date could be proved, assumed an exasperating smile and repeated her words.

"You know it was? And how do you know it was?"

The poor little creature looked from one countenance to another with wild, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy; then her gaze rested on the kindly face of the judge.

"I know," she said, as if speaking to him alone, "because that was the day my baby died."—Pearson's Weekly.

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passerby. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue: "What is thy name, O statue?" "I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?" "Lysippus."

"Why art thou on thy toes?" "To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?" "To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

Dropping the Curtain.

"No, Mr. Slown," said the fair possessor of the square chin, "I must respectfully decline to become your other half."

"But why?" asked the astounded young man, who had believed that he was the favored one.

"Because," replied the female extender of the frosty digit, "the man I marry must be brave and fearless. Tonight you let out the information that you have loved me for five long, weary years, but have not dared mention it until the present meeting. A man who has no more nerve than that would hide under the bed while his wife went downstairs to interview a burglar who was making a raid on the family larder. Therefore, Mr. Slown, I will work the piano for a little slow music while the curtain drops on the farewell scene. You will find your hat on the usual peg of the hall rack. Good evening!"—London Mail.

Speculative Life Insurance.

A mania for speculative insurances on the lives of public personages prevailed in England during the eighteenth century. Warren Hastings, the pretender, the rebel lords or the unfortunate Admiral Byng answered equally the purpose of speculation, and there were also regular quotations on the lives of notorious highwaymen. Sir Robert Walpole at one period of his career, when his life was endangered by popular tumults, was insured for many thousands, and when George II. fought at Dettingen 25 per cent was paid against his return. Such speculative insurances were, however, largely checked by the gambling act of 1774, which made insurable interest a necessary condition for a valid policy.—Argonaut.

No Picnic.

A Junction City man told of a remark made by a woman at whose home a number of people took supper one night during a political campaign in summer county. This particular woman, though young in years, was the mother of seven children. Naturally the children were reasonably close to one size. When the "campaigners" went into the woman's house one of them noticed the bunch of children and said to the woman in a friendly way, "These all yours, or is this a picnic?" "They are all mine," she replied wearily, "and it's no picnic."—Kansas City Journal.

Tipped.

"Doesn't this boat tip a great deal?" asked a timid young woman of the steward.

"The vessel, ma'am," said the steward, "is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

An Attraction.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church? Mrs. Perry—Well, she wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.

How She Did It.

"So she refused you?" "That's the impression I received."

"Didn't she actually say no?" "No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha, ha, ha!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleepy Sermons.

"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber."

Waded not in unknown waters.—Gamban Proverb.

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For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no others.

When Real Knowledge Comes.

"Mamma," asked a little girl, "how long did you know papa before you married him?" "My dear," replied the mother, "I was acquainted with your father for several years, but I really didn't know him until after we were married!"

The Boy and the Professor.

"I was mimicking Professor Bore yesterday, and he caught me." "What did he say?" "Told me to stop making a fool of myself."

Hope.

"Hope," said Uncle Eben, "is a blessing when you're willin' to back it wif a little hard work. 'stid o' lettin' it play itself out on a polley ticket."—Washington Post.

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